

And flinging down his soapy dish
As though it were a childish toy,
'If I must shave to be a man,'
Quoth he, 'I'd rather be a boy!'

D. B.

WHY MABEL ALTERED HER WILL.



HE rain was streaming down the windows, the wind was whistling round the corners of the house, then moaning and sobbing as though it prayed to be let in, but the little Glynn's took no notice; they were seated at a table that was littered with books and papers, so intent on

what they were at, that a stranger might have thought they were diligently preparing their lessons: they were not, but they were greatly engrossed in what they thought a much more important matter, for Mab was making her will.

It was a rule with the little Glynn's that as each child became the possessor of a writing-desk she should make her will, for, as Alice said, people in books keep their wills and important papers in their desks.

Désirée, a friend of Alice's, made a faint suggestion that a desk was the place in which to keep paper, envelopes, pens, and such things.

'Any drawer will do for that,' said Alice; 'people in books keep their wills in their desks.'

This, with the Glynn's, was an unanswerable argument.

Mab's godmother had lately been spending a week with Mrs. Glynn, and before she left she bought and fitted up a very pretty desk for her godchild.

This morning, at ten o'clock, when the children had got their books out ready for their lessons, Mrs. Glynn looked into the dining-room, and said, 'I cannot come to you, children, yet; Dottie has a feverish cold, and has had so little sleep, that I am very uneasy about her. I am going to put a linseed poultice on her chest, and if she is not better in an hour or so I shall send for Mr. Rodney; so you must amuse yourselves quietly till I can come to you. And, Alice, try and keep the doors from being slammed; I wish the house to be quiet, if possible.'

So saying, Mrs. Glynn left the room, and

Alice and Jessie at once exclaimed, 'What a capital opportunity, Mab, for you to make your will!'

'So it is,' said Mab, and, fetching her desk, she produced a sheet of foolscap which her father had given her, and handed it to Alice to be ruled in round hand. This done, she set herself to her important task, Alice taking up a story-book, that she might be at hand to help her, and Jessie busying herself with the illuminating of a text as a birthday present for Ruth their nurse.

But before I go on you will like to know something about the Glynn's, big and little.

Mr. Glynn was a clergyman, who had a very poor and populous parish in the heart of the town. For the health of his children he had taken a house in the suburbs, where he had a good garden and a way out at the back, so that the children could easily get into the fields, and have pretty country walks.

The two eldest children, Bobbie and Charlie, went daily with some other boys to a tutor, who was preparing them for a public school. Then came Alice, Jessie, and Mabel, or Mab, as they always called her, who were their mother's pupils. Then Dottie, the two-years-old pet and plaything, who was still in the nursery. The little girls were taught in a rather uncertain fashion. Mr. Glynn was not rich; there was a great deal to be done in his very poor parish, and he could only afford to have one curate, so Mrs. Glynn helped him greatly in visiting and caring for the sick, and in many other ways which were all good and helpful for the parish, but, in some respects, unfortunate for the children, who were left too much to themselves. In some things they were more backward than many children of their age in their father's day school—in writing, spelling, and certainly in arithmetic; they had excellent books and maps, and were forward in history and geography, which they liked; of French and music they knew very little; of needlework next to nothing, and as they all disdained dolls they were not likely to gain the skill which some little girls show in dressing their babies, of wax or china; but in one thing (general knowledge) you would scarcely have found children of their years to equal them.

Mr. and Mrs. Glynn were highly educated

people with cultivated tastes, and the house overflowed with books; wherever shelves could be put up there were books, and to these all the children had access, and were great readers.

Alice, like the eldest boy Bobbie, was sweet-tempered but somewhat indolent; these two read chiefly stories, or books that were easily understood.

Charlie was studious, and excelled in whatever he studied, though he was very fond of legends or fairy-tales.

Jessie took after her father, and was devoted to natural history. Mr. Glynn thought her knowledge of geology and botany quite remarkable for a little girl.

As for Mab, she simply devoured books, biographies, travels: nothing came amiss to her; she passed over what she did not understand, but always found plenty to interest her, in travels especially. She was a strong, active child, and, when it was fine, she worked or clambered about in the garden a good deal; but on a wet day she would sit on the floor, in a favourite corner by the window, and read for hours together.

The others, taking them all in all, were very good children; but Mab was selfish, domineering, and ill-tempered, and as she grew older she seemed to be worse rather than better.

However, we will return to the dining-room, where she will speak for herself. She was left-handed, and wrote slowly and badly.

'You must begin "I give and bequeath,"' said Alice.

'Of course,' replied Mab, impatiently; 'I know that.'

There was silence for a time; then Mab asked, 'Ku for bequeath?'

'No; qu.'

Presently Mab threw down her pen on the cloth, which, to judge from its many inkspots, was quite accustomed to such usage, and exclaimed, 'There, the first part is done! "I, Mabel Glynn, give and bequeath my new shilling to my father."'

As no remark was made, Mab asked rather angrily, 'Why don't you say something?'

'I've no objection,' answered Alice, laughing.

But Jessie remarked with some hesitation, 'I like best to leave something very pretty or useful as a keepsake to my friends. Then,

when I am dead, they will use it, and be reminded of me. It seems so strange to leave a shilling as a keepsake in your will.'

'That's all you know about it!' exclaimed Mab, scornfully. 'It so happens that people make wills on purpose to say what they will have done with their property; and my shilling is *my* property—so there!'

Jessie was silent, and Mab took up her pen.

'I think I shall make one "Give and bequeath" do for all.'

'Then it won't sound a bit like a will,' observed Alice. 'In a real will, "give and bequeath" comes about every other line.'

'Oh, very well,' said Mab. 'Little or capital c for church?'

This led to a small debate, as Jessie observed a church must be as good as a town, or a river, and therefore deserved a capital.

'It doesn't matter,' remarked Mab. 'Little c is easiest, so I shall put it.'

Another silence.

'Sweet William, one word or two?'

Opinions were divided.

'I'll make one word of it,' said Mab, 'and then I shan't have to make a capital w.'

Presently Mab threw down her pen again with something very like a groan.

'What a bother making one's will is! I'm glad it only comes once in one's life. I must rest myself a little.'

Here she took up a book, and there was a long silence. At last a door was opened, and footsteps were heard upstairs.

'You had better finish your will, Mab,' said Alice, 'or perhaps mother will come before you have done.'

Mab said nothing, but took up her pen, and stopped no more till her task was ended. Presently she inquired, 'Don't you want to hear my will?'

'Oh, yes, please,' said the other two, who felt very curious, but did not venture to ask Mab to gratify their curiosity.

Mab read in a solemn voice befitting the occasion: 'I, Mabel Glynn, give and bequeath my new shilling to my father; and I give and bequeath my church-service with the silver clasp to mother; and I give and bequeath my three sweetwilliams to Bobbie; and I give and bequeath all the rest of my things to be equally divided between my sisters, Alice to choose first.'



Mab seated at her Desk.

There was a long pause; then Jessie said in a tone of dismay, 'Oh, Mab! you have forgotten Charlie!'

'No, I haven't,' said Mab. 'I don't mean to leave him anything.'

'Oh, Mab! poor dear Charlie! your own brother!'

'I can't help that!' exclaimed Mab, looking the picture of obstinacy. 'He's always vexing me, and I shan't leave him anything!'

'But, Mab,' replied Jessie, the tears starting to her eyes, 'when people are dying, if they have been ever so much vexed, they try to feel kind and forgiving, and all that.'

'When you're dying you may feel how you

like, and when I'm dying I'll feel how I like,' said Mab, savagely.

Here Alice gave Jessie a warning kick under the table; but Jessie was too much in earnest to be silent, and went on: 'I know people are often angry when they are alive, but when they are dead—— Oh, Mab!'

'I'm not dead,' said Mab in the same tone.

'But you will be dead when your will is read, and then poor Charlie——' Tears choked her voice.

'How do you know he won't die first?' asked Mab. 'But I shan't alter it any way. When people in books want to punish their tiresome relations they disinherit them in their will, and I made up my mind ever so long

ago that I would disinherit Charlie, and now I've done it.'

Mab dearly loved a long word, and she looked now very triumphant and very vindictive. Jessie was about to make a last effort when a vigorous kick from Alice warned her to be silent.

Mab folded up her will, slammed rather than shut it up in her desk, and then left the room. *(To be continued.)*

BIBLE STORIES.

THE STORY OF ABIMELECH.



IDEON pleased the men of Israel so much by the way in which he had defeated the Midianites, that they asked him to be their king. But Gideon knew that God did not wish His people to have a king at present, so he answered, 'I will not rule over you. The Lord shall rule over you.' And

he went back to his own home at Ophrah, and lived there quietly for many years. While he lived the people served God, but as soon as he was dead they began to worship idols again; and instead of treating Gideon's children kindly for their father's sake, they behaved very ungratefully to them.

One of Gideon's sons was named Abimelech, and, as you will see, he was a very cruel, wicked man. He thought that he would like to reign over the people; so he persuaded some of his relations, who lived in the city of Shechem, to help him to make himself king. They first lent him seventy pieces of silver, and with this money he hired some other men, as bad as himself, who went with him to Ophrah, where he put to death all his brothers excepting Jotham, the youngest. Jotham hid himself in a safe place, and the murderers were not able to find him. After this the men of Shechem made Abimelech their king, and he ruled over Israel for three years.

But God had seen Abimelech's cruelty, and although He allowed him to prosper for a time, He did not forget to punish him for his wickedness. The people at last grew tired of obeying him, and a man named Gaal raised up a rebellion against him. Abimelech gathered his soldiers together, and fought with Gaal, and overcame him. And when the men of Shechem, who had encouraged the rebels, saw that Gaal had been defeated, they went into the house of their god, Berith, which was a strong, safe building, in order to escape from Abimelech. But Abimelech and his soldiers cut down boughs from the trees which grew near to the city, and laid them round the idol-house, and set fire to them, so that the house was burned, and all the men and women who had taken refuge there were burned also.

Then Abimelech went to another city called Thebez, and fought against it. The people of Thebez were not strong enough to resist him, so they fled to a great tower and shut themselves up in it. Abimelech thought that he would destroy it with fire, as he had destroyed the stronghold at Shechem; but God did not let him do this. The time had now come for him to be punished for all his sins.

The women as well as the men of Thebez were shut up in the tower, and they were able to look down from the top to see what Abimelech was doing. And when they saw that he was close to the door of the tower, preparing to set it on fire, one of the women took a large piece of stone and threw it down, in the hope that Abimelech would be killed by it. But although it fell upon him and hurt him, it did not kill him. Still, he felt that he would die in a short time, and he could not bear to think of people saying that a woman had caused his death. So he desired one of his soldiers to draw his sword at once and kill him. And the young man did as Abimelech commanded him.

So you see that Abimelech and the men of Shechem all came to a bad end, on account of their wickedness and cruelty towards the family of Gideon.

H. L. T.

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[“‘It’s our own fault that Mab lords it over us,’ said Charlie.”]

You’ll never catch that pretty tail,
 You foolish little Kittie!
 But soon you’ll be a wise old cat,
 (Oh, dear, ‘tis such a pity!)

And then, with solemn step, and slow,
 Discretion’s self we’ll find you;
 Your nonsense gone, and—what d’you think?—
 The same tail still behind you!

D. B.

WHY MABEL ALTERED HER WILL.

(Continued from page 12.)

WHAT is the use of talking to her when she is in a wax like that?’ observed Alice.

‘It seems so dreadful!’ said Jessie, wiping away her tears. ‘Poor, dear Charlie!’

'Very likely he will never know anything about it,' said Alice, willing to comfort her.

'Oh, yes!' exclaimed Jessie; 'she will tell him herself the first time she is in a rage with him.'

'And he will laugh at it. It's not worth fretting about.'

At this moment Mrs. Glynn came in with the welcome tidings that Dottie was breathing easily, and had fallen into a gentle sleep, so she could now take their lessons for an hour.

Jessie was of all the children the most conscientious—save, perhaps, Charlie; and she was, furthermore, very sensitive, and unable to pass quickly from one mood to another. She had the habit of considering whether anything was right or wrong, and her conscience was so tender that she often worried herself for some little thing which the other children had entirely forgotten. So now she was perplexed and unhappy, and could not wholly give her mind to her lessons. She felt as though she had witnessed a great wrong. Had she done all she could to prevent it? The thought came again and again. Her mother reproved her for inattention, and finally gave her no marks. The tears were in her eyes, but she said nothing.

Meanwhile Mab, who was always quick and ready at lessons, got on perfectly well. As Mrs. Glynn gave her all her marks, she observed, 'Mab is a year and nine months younger than you, Jessie, but she has far more power of fixing her attention on the thing before her than either you or Alice. I think, if you tried hard, you might gain the same habit.'

Mab cast a triumphant glance at her sisters, but said nothing. Poor Mab! She had done herself grievous harm this morning, but she neither knew this nor cared.

My little readers may perhaps wonder why she had a special desire to punish Charlie. I had better explain before I go on. As I said before, Mab was most selfish and domineering; active and clever enough to be a pleasant play-fellow when good-humoured; at acting charades or proverbs she was first-rate; but she expected to have everything exactly her own way.

Bobbie and Alice were sweet-tempered, easy, and somewhat indolent. It was less trouble to give way than have a fuss.

Jessie felt it unjust that Mab, the youngest

of the five, should always dictate. Now and then she protested. Then she remembered how much mother disliked wrangling or disputing among brothers and sisters: how long ago she had said, 'Remember: it takes two to make a quarrel. If only one would be forbearing and gentle there would be no angry disputes.' So, in the long run, Jessie was sure to yield.

But Charlie, who was a very sensible, reasonable boy, with much firmness and self-control, would now and then resist Mab so quietly and steadily, that he ended by bringing the others round to his side.

About two months before this, Mab had gone to spend a fortnight with her godmother, and the children found they were very cosy and happy without her. The evening before her return they were resting after a hard game of cricket, when Jessie remarked, 'This time to-morrow we shall have Mab with us.'

'A great pity, too,' said Alice. 'We have been so cosy without her.'

'I can't think where she got her horrid temper,' said Bobbie.

'Ruth says, in almost every flock there is a black sheep,' observed Alice. 'I suppose Mab is our black sheep.'

'Perhaps she is a fairy changeling,' suggested Charlie.

'Then I wish her fairy kindred would fetch her away and bring back the right Mab!' exclaimed Jessie.

'I tell you what,' said Charlie, wisely, 'it's partly our own fault that Mab lords it over us so much. Why do we always give up to her? Of course she thinks, if she's cross and angry enough, she's sure to get her own way in the end.'

'It's a bother arguing with her,' remarked Bobbie; 'and you and I shall soon be going to school, so we can manage to bear it till then.'

'But that is very hard upon the girls,' pleaded Charlie. 'Alice and Jessie will have to bear with her when we are gone.'

Charlie then went on to propose that they should take it in turns to choose the games or amusements, each having his or her day, beginning, of course, with the eldest.

'She will go into a rage, or be sulky and not play at all,' said Alice.

'Let her!' exclaimed Charlie. 'We shall play more happily without her; and when she

finds we are quite resolute, she will come round all the sooner.'

After a little more debating, Charlie carried his point. All promised to be quite firm.

Mab was pleased to be at home again, and was pleasant enough for two or three days, Charlie having explained to her very skilfully the new regulations. But the first time hide-and-seek was proposed Mab rebelled.

'Let's have cricket. I hate hide-and-seek.'

'It's Jessie's day,' said Charlie. 'She gives up to us, and we must give up to her.'

'I won't play hide-and-seek!' exclaimed Mab, angrily.

'You can do as you like about that,' said Charlie, coolly, and at once settled with Jessie the fashion of their game.

Mab went away in a rage, saying more angry things than I choose to repeat; and the others took no notice, but played merrily enough without her.

This sort of thing happened several times, but less and less frequently, as Charlie had foreseen. Mab was quite sharp enough to see it was mainly through him that her power was gone, and she felt very angry and spiteful, and resolved in her own language to pay him out if she had the chance.

Hence came the thought of disinheriting Charlie in her will. Poor Mab! It seems a little thing—a little childish thing—we are inclined to laugh at, yet that little thing did to Mab herself very great harm. Up to this time she had been passionate in speech, and had said many a hard, sharp thing, but now speech and thought had passed into act. She had done a revengeful thing. Henceforth, when she was angry with Charlie, she thought with pleasure, 'I have paid him out, and he will know it some day.'

So she was secretly growing more and more sullen and unforgiving. But God has different ways of dealing with children as with grown people; if they will not be drawn to Him by gentle, tender means, He has sharper ones in store; we shall see how He checked Mab before she was hardened in naughtiness.

One Saturday afternoon the four little girls were with Ruth going out into the fields through the garden. Dottie was in her perambulator in high glee. They were going to gather cowslips. Alice had promised to make

her a cowslip ball, and for the last few days she had constantly asked Ruth, 'When will it be Saturday?' or 'Shall I have the cowslip ball to-day?' not that she knew what it was, but she was always eager for a new pleasure.

As they passed the boys, who were making a tiny fort with a moat round it, she called out, 'Dottie going to get a cowslip ball. Bobbie come; Charlie come too!'

Now this little personage was a queen in the nursery, and a regular tyrant to her brothers; but such a droll, merry, sweet-tempered little tyrant, that they gloried in their slavery, and rarely dreamt of resisting her.

'Shall we go?' said Charlie to Bobbie.

'I don't mind,' said the latter.

So the whole six went to the general pleasure. Ruth always liked to have her elder nurslings for a time; besides, she would have a regular half-holiday, a rest from the perambulator. When, Miss Dottie could have two horses who would run as fast as she pleased, Ruth's services would not be needed.

They reached the field in good time, but were disappointed, as they found few cowslips; other children had been before them in the search.

The boys, who knew the country well, told Ruth of another field, farther back from the high road; but the perambulator could not go over the stiles. However, as the boys could be trusted with their sisters, Ruth consented that the five should go farther on while she stayed with Dottie.

They were gone some time, but by-and-by they returned in triumph with their baskets laden. They had been out longer than Ruth intended; but they were strong, healthy children, and would be none the worse for waiting another hour for their tea.

They now set off for home at a brisk pace. In running past the perambulator, somehow or other, Mab tripped and fell into the ditch by the roadside; it was dry; but the bank was rather steep, yet Ruth was startled by Mab's loud screams.

'Oh, I have broken my leg! I have broken my leg!'

She was a tall, large child, and Ruth and the boys had some difficulty in getting her up the bank.

(To be continued.)



Charlie giving Mab a half-hour's ride.

And then I'd tell—ah! I would tell
Tales they would like to hear!
That's what I'd do if I were old,
Like you, Grandfather dear!

E. M. A. F. S.

WHY MABEL ALTERED HER WILL

(Continued from page 21.)

GREAT was Ruth's relief on finding that the leg was not broken; but Mab must have

twisted her foot under her, for it hurt her terribly to put it to the ground, and the ankle began to swell.

It was not to be expected that so selfish a child as Mab would bear pain well. She cried and screamed, 'It is broken! it's very cruel of you to say it's not broken when I know it is! Don't touch me! I won't have it touched!'

What was to be done? They were a long way from home; after a short consultation it was decided that Dottie could walk, or be carried amongst them, and Mab must be pushed gently in the perambulator; but the perverse child vowed she would not.

'It would hurt her, nothing should induce her to go in it.'

Suddenly kind-hearted Bobbie said, 'Let me carry you on my back, and then your poor foot will hang down and not be touched.'

To this she ungraciously consented; but she was a very heavy child, and presently Bobbie, panting and exhausted, could do no more. Then Charlie tried, but was soon beaten. Then Ruth carried her till she too was tired out, and almost lost her patience.

She set Mab down very gently on the bank, and said to the two boys, 'Will you go home as fast as you can and fetch Mrs. Glynn? she will decide what must be done. We will stay with Miss Mab till you come back.'

But Mab felt that her mother would be displeased with her perversity; so she sullenly consented to go in the perambulator, grumbling all the time, declaring they hurt and jolted her purposely, and so on till they got home.

Fortunately, Mrs. Glynn was in the house, and she at once sent for Mr. Rodney; he found no bone broken, but the sinews were very much strained. Mab would probably have to lie on the sofa for some time, and rest her foot entirely till the torn sinews were healed.

Her mother bathed the swollen ankle very tenderly with vinegar and water, and was very patient with her; for she knew the pain must be sharp, and as yet Mab had had very little experience of trial in any shape.

As she would need to be quiet for a few weeks now, Mrs. Glynn asked a friend to undertake some of her work in her husband's parish while she stayed at home and devoted herself more to the children, Mab especially.

Of course, Mrs. Glynn knew that Mab had

a bad temper; how bad it was she little dreamt, and it was a most painful discovery that awaited her.

As I said before Mab was quick and fond of learning, therefore a pleasant pupil. Her mother had not seen very much of the children when they were at play; besides, Mab was more guarded before her parents, not from deceit, for truthfulness was one of her best qualities; but from the natural restraint which children feel before their elders.

The little Glynnas would have scorned to tell tales; and Ruth, who had at times a great deal to bear, thought in very kindness, but mistaken kindness, 'Mistress has so much to think of and to trouble her I don't like to complain, and I suppose Miss Mab will grow better by-and-by.'

Alas! growing older is not always growing better; bad habits, little faults, sins, may grow stronger for want of being checked, if not entirely rooted out.

Mrs. Glynn made every allowance for Mab's impatience and cross words. She was an active child, and it was a great trial to be kept still, and no doubt her foot gave her at times a great deal of pain; but her sullenness, her ill-temper and sharp words to her brothers and sisters, who did their best to please and amuse her, were sad to witness.

If Mrs. Glynn was grieved about Mab, she was pleased and surprised at the great kindness and forbearance of the other children. She began to suspect that their patience must be gained by long habit; and by careful questioning and many talks with Ruth she arrived at a tolerably correct idea of Mab's real disposition.

'You meant it kindly, Ruth, I am sure,' observed Mrs. Glynn; 'but I wish you had not kept back from me the sad story of Mab's temper and general naughtiness. However, thank God, it is never too late to alter, and she is very young, so I trust there may never again be such dreadful temper shown either in the nursery or the garden.'

Strange perhaps, as it may sound, Charlie, who had always resisted Mab's domineering the most steadily when she was well, was the kindest of all to her now.

'Poor little thing!' he would say, as if in excuse for himself; 'it must be hard for her to lie on the sofa at the window, watching us at play, while she cannot move without help.'

One of Mr. Glynn's people lent her an invalid chair, in which Mab would like to have been drawn about half the day; but here was a difficulty.

Mr. Glynn was not a rich man, and his parish was a poor and expensive one; he had a gardener two or three days a-week, and he was now engaged to draw out Mab; but this could not be often, Mr. Glynn would come home and draw Mab about in the garden, or at the back-way for an hour or so.

There was a young servant, Bessie, who helped in the nursery and the kitchen; but Mrs. Glynn thought her work quite hard enough without drawing a heavy child like Mab; but Charlie would constantly find half-an-hour to give her a ride; he would learn his lessons at any odd times that he might have some spare time for Mab, and in many a half-holiday he was quite at her service.

This gave her an uncomfortable sort of feeling which she could not define, but she showed it by being extra cross and disagreeable, like some very little children, who, when troubled or perplexed, show it by being naughty and perverse.

One day it was very hot and sultry, and a few large drops of rain that fell now and then betokened a thunderstorm. Mab's sofa was close to the open window. She had a little table near it for her books and flowers. Her love of reading was now a great resource, and she had a variety of books from thoughtful friends as well as the large home stock. Charlie was curled up in an easy-chair learning his lessons, and Mrs. Glynn was at work near him, though Mab was not aware of this. The heat made her restless, she threw her book down on the table and watched the gathering clouds; presently Jessie came running in with an oxlip in a pot which she put on the table by her side.

'What is it?' asked Mab, crossly.

'An oxlip for you.'

'I don't want it; take it away!'

'I thought you liked oxlips so much,' said Jessie, pleasantly. 'I thought you said you liked them better than cowslips or primroses.'

'Very likely I did,' said Mab; 'but I hate those common things in pots.'

Now it happened that Mab had seven or eight pots of the commonest roots in her garden, so Jessie answered with some surprise, 'Why,

Mab, I thought you were so very fond of flowers in pots; that is why I put this oxlip in a pot for you.'

'I like proper flowers in pots,' replied Mab, angrily; 'geraniums or fuchsias; but I don't want that thing; take it away!'

Jessie took up her rejected flower, with tears in her eyes, and was leaving the room when Mrs. Glynn said, 'Jessie, come here a minute' (Mab started); 'do you remember old Mrs. Williams in Crane Court?'

'That old lame woman to whom I once took a pot of red daisies?'

'Yes; she has not left the court for three or four years, and nothing pleases her so much as a pot of growing flowers, especially the flowers she loved when she was a child. I was going to ask you at Easter if you would like to give her one of your pots of crocuses; but her kind district-visitor took her two, one of blue, one of yellow; should you like to take her your oxlip? it would quite delight her.'

'Oh! yes, mother,' said Jessie, brightening up; 'but when can I give it her?'

'I will try and take you to-morrow afternoon. Take away your flower now and put it in a cool place.'

'Mab,' said her mother gravely, as soon as Jessie had left the room, 'I did not think a child of mine could be so uncivil. I had almost said bearish.'

'I can't say I like what I don't like,' replied Mab, sulkily.

'You are not expected to do so,' observed Mrs. Glynn, now much displeased; 'but you are expected to be courteous to every one, much more to those who are trying to give you pleasure. Jessie was delighted at finding that oxlip in the fields because you had looked for one in vain. She broke her knife in getting up the root, and she took a flower of her own out of that pot because she thought the shape of it was so pretty, and you have not even the common civility to thank her. But, indeed, Mab, you do not deserve the kindness you meet with from your brothers and sisters. I am really ashamed of you.'

So saying Mrs. Glynn left the room. Charlie looked towards Mab's sofa several times; she seemed once or twice to be wiping away tears.

I fear tears of wounded pride rather than sorrow; for though she was very silent that



The Old Lame Woman.

evening, when Ruth put her to bed she was simply unbearable; her pent-up temper broke forth on that much-enduring person, who took

it all very quietly, thereby exasperating Mab the more.

'You're trying to hurt me! I know you

are!' exclaimed Mab. 'I wish I was in the hospital. They're kind to people there.'

'Very kind,' said Ruth. 'I was there once, and shall never forget the kindness of the nurse, she always——'

'I've heard that before,' interrupted Mab; 'I don't want to hear that again.'

'Will you have your ankle bathed to-night, Miss Mab?'

'Of course not,' said perverse Mab; 'why should I?'

'As you please, Miss Mab,' said patient Ruth.

Bessie was putting some things she had been mending into the drawers. She was half afraid of Mab, and glad to leave the room.

(To be continued.)

MASTER TOMMY.

ONE day a kind neighbour brought mother some cream,

Which of course was accepted with joy;
She placed it at once in a beautiful mug
Which belonged to her dear little boy.

Said she to herself, 'When my husband comes in,
And wearily asks for his tea,
He'll get every drop of this excellent cream,
And how pleased then the good man will be!'

To the parlour she went, on this errand intent,
To arrange her best teacups with care;
But, alas! Master Tommy came wandering in,
And mounted at once on a chair.

Thought the dear little man, 'That's my cup that I see,

"For Tommy" is written quite plain;
Whatever it holds is intended for me—
I've been told so again and again.

'What's in it to-day? Let me look, let me taste;
It is thicker than milk—but so nice!
And as Pussy may come I'd better make haste.'
So he drank it all up in a trice.

D. D.

THE COLLAR OF SILVER BELLS.

THE morning was bright and sunny, and a certain young lady of my acquaintance took it into her head to stroll out into the garden to have a breath of fresh air and a glimpse of sunlight. She put her small black nose daintily into the air, and walked out a queen of all she surveyed, at least in her own estimation. Who was she? She was her

ladyship's pet: a beautiful little toy terrier—you know them; you must have seen them often in the street, either lolling luxuriously in their mistress's carriage, or in charge of a grand powdered footman.

My little heroine was such a dainty lady! She generally wore a lovely collar of silver bells!—and wasn't she proud of that collar! What other dog in a hundred had that beautiful jingle-jangle accompaniment to her trot 'wherever she goes?' But, as I said, Babette strolled out this morning in the sunshine, and her steps led her, by chance, into the stable-yard. Fancy a little pet like that wandering into the questionable fragrance of a stable yard!

And there, outside his rickety old kennel, sat the ancient 'Tozer,' who considered himself, and was, quite an old servant. He had no dainty bed of down to repose on, and certainly never thought of mutton-chops or chicken for his luncheon; if he got a good dish of scraps he thought himself 'a lucky dog.' And dainty little Lady Babette seldom condescended to have a chat with him; and now, as she went past his kennel, she did not meet him in a very friendly spirit—her temper had been somewhat ruffled before. 'Good morning, mam'zelle,' he said, wagging his old brown tail; 'your black satin costume looks very charming to-day.'

Babette barely acknowledged this compliment, and shook her silver bells very disdainfully.

'How lovely the world looks, and how contented one feels with life! doesn't one?' continued old Tozer, good-humouredly; 'even if one only has straw for a bed, and odds and ends to eat.'

'Really!' snapped mam'zelle, 'I know nothing about such low things! I have simply come out for a breath of fresh air, as I feel somewhat out of spirits. My life is so empty, and yet people make such a fuss with me—nothing is too good for me.'

'No doubt,' says Tozer; 'my day is past, and the good things, viz. bones with plenty of meat thereon, are denied me; still I am content with life. I believe, though, it's the fashion to grumble with everything.'

'You know nothing of my world,' answers Babette, tossing her small head; 'you are so exceedingly stupid.'



Charlie's Geranium for Mab.

WHY MABEL ALTERED HER WILL.

(Continued from page 32.)

WHEN Ruth came back to the nursery Bessie looked at her for a time in silence, and then she exclaimed, 'How patient you are, Ruth! I am afraid I shall never be like you. I can hold my tongue, but I could not answer so good-humouredly as you do.'

Ruth was a good woman, and rather quaint. 'Why, Bessie,' she said, 'you would not

have me demean myself to quarrel with a baby like that! Poor little soul! it seems terrible to start in life with such a temper; she's her own worst enemy. But mark my words, Bessie, she'll be changed; she's got a good Christian father and mother, and some day their prayers for her will be heard.

One morning in the following week, when the boys came in for dinner, Charlie brought a pretty little geranium and put it on Mab's table.

'For me!' she exclaimed, in some surprise.

'Yes; if you would like it,' answered Charlie. 'We came through the market-place to get something for mother, and there was the good-natured, funny little old woman. Have you ever seen her?'



Mab repeating Hymns from the Book.

'I think so. Does she wear a black bonnet that quite shades her face?'

'Yes, that is the one. Well, she had a lot of geraniums, besides fruits, to-day. There was a much better one than this, full-blown and larger, but it was ninnence, I had only sixpence. But this has several buds and perhaps it will be as pretty by-and-by.'

This was said in a very apologetic tone. To his surprise Mab answered brightly, 'I think I shall like this best; it will be pleasant to watch the buds coming out. Thank you, Charlie.'

The boy went off well pleased, and Mab looked at her flower with interest. Suddenly her slumbering conscience seemed to awake with a start.

'He spent his only sixpence for me, and I have disinherited him!'

The troublesome thought came again and again, darting through her mind like a flash of light. She took up her book, and after some time became engrossed in her story; but no sooner did the geranium meet her sight than again came that worrying remembrance. Should she put away the geranium? But, then, what reason could she give for doing so? She could not vex Charlie who had been so kind. No; it must stay. But all that afternoon, from time to time, the sight of it brought back that now hateful thought. If her conscience could have taken bodily shape, what a vicious kick she would have given it! She

became irritable, and in the evening was so cross that the others prudently kept away from her.

There was heavy rain in the evening and all six were in the room. Presently Dottie ran towards the window, and standing on tiptoe looked at Mab.

'Don't come near my foot!' said Mab, roughly. 'Go away!'

Dottie ran across the room to the others, her blue eyes wide open and looking much insulted.

'Dottie never touched Mab's foot. Mab cross!'

'Come and hide behind my chair,' said peace-loving Bobbie, 'and mother will come in and ask if any one has seen you.'

Dottie crept behind her brother, and in the pleasure of being lost and found forgot her wrongs.

That evening, after Mab was in bed, her mother went and talked to her, kindly but very seriously. At first she seemed to make no impression; but at last Mab was softened. Her mother begged her always to add to her prayers the short petition, 'Make me a loving and unselfish child.'

Mab promised.

'But it will be no use, my dear child, unless you try very hard yourself.'

'I will try,' she replied firmly; and Mrs. Glynn went away much happier; for Mab, with all her faults, was truthful and kept her promises.

On Saturdays the little Glynnns repeated the Church Catechism to their mother straight through. On Sundays she took a small portion and they looked out Scripture references and proofs. They had gone as far as the middle of the Lord's Prayer, and on this Sunday they were dwelling on the clause, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'

'But, mother,' observed Jessie, 'it seems so strange to say that, "as we forgive others." I have nothing to forgive.'

Mrs. Glynn was somewhat surprised that this remark should come from Jessie, a sensitive child, more easily hurt than any of them. She looked at her with interest, and then replied, 'In a large family, my dear Jessie, there are constantly little rubs; little calls for patience

and forbearance. If you can learn to take these quite cheerfully, you will be preparing yourself to be forgiving and merciful if great offences should ever come.'

'I read somewhere,' said Alice, '—I was trying to think where it was,—that people are sometimes more angry and unforgiving about fancied slights, than others are for real injuries. Do you think this is true, mother?'

'I am afraid it is, Alice. I know one person who is always thinking herself slighted or neglected, when really the people she is indignant with do not even know how they have offended her. It is a most unhappy disposition to have; for such persons not only meet trouble half-way, but make troubles where there need be none.'

Charlie then read the parable of the unmerciful servant. All tried to give examples of a loving and unmerciful temper, except Mab. She had taken little or no part in the lesson. From her intelligence and excellent memory she usually answered remarkably well; but to-day she was silent. Her mother saw that it was not from inattention, and she took no notice.

At midnight Mr. Glynn awoke: his wife was getting a light.

'Where are you going, dear?' said he, sleepily: 'what can be the matter?'

'I hear one of the children crying, and I think it must be Mab.'

'Is your foot so painful, my poor child?' inquired Mrs. Glynn, as she went to the bedside of the sobbing child.

'No,' said Mab; 'I am so hot and uncomfortable, I can't go to sleep.'

Her mother bathed her hands and face, brushed her hair, and shook up her pillow. Mab ceased crying, but looked unhappy.

'Is anything troubling you, dear?' inquired Mrs. Glynn, tenderly.

Mab was silent, and her mother went on. 'Don't you think if you could tell me you would be easier? If you could make the effort, you would I am sure feel happier afterwards.'

Mab's good angel whispered, 'Tell your mother; still she was silent; but presently she exclaimed, rather fretfully, 'I am so thirsty!'

Her mother gave her some water, sat down by her and repeated some of the child's favourite hymns.

She neither spoke nor opened her eyes, and, though perfectly still, Mrs. Glynn was convinced she was not asleep, and after waiting some little time in vain she quietly left the room.

'I am not at all satisfied about Mab,' said her husband, as she returned. 'I have quite resolved to have a second opinion to-morrow.'

'Mab says her foot is not in pain, and it seems to be going on quite well. I fancy something is troubling her; but she is such a strange, reserved child, one does not know how to gain her confidence.'

Mr. Glynn was silent; he had never seen Mab in one of her terrible tempers; he fancied the other children exaggerated, or teased her: in fact, he persuaded himself that she could not be quite so bad as she really was.

However, the next morning he wrote a note to Mr. Rodney, and expressed a wish for a second opinion; accordingly, that gentleman brought a skilful surgeon, who very carefully examined the foot and questioned Mab closely, after which he declared nothing more could be done. Mr. Rodney's treatment had been excellent; the foot was going on quite well, and in due time would be strong again; she was to use it a little, resting it still very much, and she was not to be treated as an invalid.

From this time the improvement in Mab was decided; possibly she felt more hopeful about herself; but certainly she was far more patient. She now did all her lessons regularly except her music, and was the better for it. One morning her mother gave her Mrs. Alexander's sweet little hymns for children, and told her to choose one for herself while she gave Jessie a music-lesson in the drawing-room. Mab knew many of these hymns; she turned over the leaves rather listlessly at first, then came to one quite new to her, beginning, 'I knew a little sickly child.' The last two verses came home to her heart with such power, I must transcribe them for you:—

'There is a Holy Dove that sings
To every Christian child,
That whispers to his little heart
A song so sweet and mild.
It is the Holy Spirit of God
That speaks his soul within,
That leads him on to all things good,
And holds him back from sin.

And he must hear that still, small voice,
Nor tempt it to depart,
The Spirit, great and wonderful,
That whispers to his heart.
He must be pure, and good, and true,
Must strive, and watch, and pray
For unresisted sin at last
Will drive that Dove away.'

'Has that Dove been speaking to me?' said a voice within her; and then came the more startling question, 'Am I driving it away?' These were very good thoughts for Mab; they came again and again, and she did not try to stifle them. Her mother returned and asked her to say her hymn.

'Oh, I forgot!' said Mab, in some confusion.

'You should have done as I told you,' observed her mother, gently.

'Yes, I am sorry,' replied Mab; 'I will learn it directly.' And she speedily learnt two or three verses; but not of the hymn that had struck her so much.

On Wednesday evenings Mr. Glynn had a service for men in their working clothes in a schoolroom in the poorest part of his district. Mrs. Glynn went with him to play the harmonium and lead the singing. This evening she asked Alice and Jessie if they would take care of Mab, as she wished to see two or three sick people before the service.

'Oh, yes, mother, do go!' said the children; 'we shall be very cosy.'

(Concluded in our next.)

GOING FORTH TO MEET HIM.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

HOSANNA unto David's Son!
The people cried, who met
The Saviour as He slowly rode
Up the Mount Olivet.
They strey His onward path with palm,
They pour forth songs of praise;
And children in that gladsome throng
Their eager voices raise.

Oh! not with lowly state like this,
But with an angel-train,
And with His saints from Paradise,
The Lord will come again;
And saints on earth will hasten forth
To meet Him on His way:—
May I be of those happy ones
On that glad Advent day!

came out to meet them; she had such a delightful surprise for them. During their absence a man had come round with a cart full of plants in pots to sell. Mother had chosen a plant for each child to put in their own little garden. There was a rose for Barbara, a sweet-william for Dorothea, a red daisy for Penelope, and a pot of fragrant musk for Charley, which, though not so pretty as the others, perhaps, was sweeter than any of them. They were all very delighted with their treasures, and ran out at once to plant them in their gardens.

Next morning the children all went down to the station with Aunt Dora, to see her off on her journey to Putney.

'Good-bye! good-bye! good-bye!' they all called out.

'Good-bye!' waved Aunt Dora from the carriage window, as the train moved on. When she sat down, she noticed on the seat beside her a parcel, and on it was written in large round hand, 'For the blind man, from Charley.' Inside the parcel was a pot of sweet-smelling musk.

E. G.

THE SQUIRRELS' LESSON.

TWO little squirrels, out in the sun;
One gathered nuts, the other had none.
'Time enough yet,' his constant refrain;
'Summer is still only just on the wane.'

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate—
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late;
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a schoolroom were placed,
One always perfect, the other disgraced:
'Time enough yet for my learning,' he said;
'I will climb, by-and-by, from the foot to the head.'

Listen, my darling: their locks are turned gray;
One as a governor sitteth to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day:
One is at work, the other at play;
Living uncared for, dying unknown—
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I longed to implant in your thought?
Answer me this, and my story is done—
Which of the two would you be, little one?

WHY MABEL ALTERED HER WILL.

(Concluded from page 45.)



AB had a new story that had been lent her; but her parents had not been long gone when she looked up from her book and remarked, rather carelessly, 'What a bore it must be to make a new will!'

'Yes, indeed,' answered Alice; 'more bother than ever I would have: but I add a codicil to mine now and then.'

'I don't know what that is,' said Mab, rather fretfully.

'Oh! just a little bit added,' replied Alice, with the utmost good humour. 'I have had two or three beautiful things given me since I made my will, so I just added to it who was to have them. You know my lovely work-box, Mab, that Aunt Alice sent me, fitted up for every sort of work one could think of? Great pity it ever came to me, for I detest work; so in the last codicil to my will I have left it to Désirée, who works so beautifully; she will make good use of it.'

A thought came to Jessie like an inspiration, 'Should you like to put a codicil to your will, Mab?' she asked, eagerly.

'Yes, I think I should,' was the answer.

Jessie at once started for Mab's desk and put it before her. There was silence for some time; at last Mab inquired, 'Should you like to know what I have put?'

They were what Alice called dying with curiosity, and they answered at once, 'Oh, yes, please!'

Mab read in a grave voice, 'I give and bequeath my *Grimm* with the red and gold cover to Charlie.'

Jessie clapped her hands with delight, and exclaimed, 'I am so glad! I could not bear—'

A little punch from Alice, which meant 'Be prudent,' made her stop short; but Mab took no notice, and the three had a pleasant evening.

The following Saturday, which was the boys' half-holiday, the rain was pouring down so heavily that the children amused themselves indoors. Presently Alice threw down on the table a book she had just finished, and said,—

'I think, after all, I like *The Daisy-Chain*



Charlie engrossed with the Book.

best of the books Miss George lent me. I shall choose it for my Christmas present.'

'I thought you meant to have *The Water Babies*?' observed Jessie.

'You see I have altered my mind.'

'Are you quite sure you won't have *The Water Babies*?'

'Quite.'

'Then I think I will,' said Jessie; 'unless father knows of some book on geology, not too difficult, nor too expensive.'

'I shall have two or three new tools for my box,' observed Bobbie, who was carving a picture frame; 'you girls use my tools till you have quite taken off the edge of two or three. When I have some new ones I shall lock them up.'

'Of course you will give us the old ones?' remarked Alice.

'On condition you never want the new ones.'

'A book is the best thing for one's Christmas present,' interrupted Charlie. 'I shall have old *Grimm*. I want one of my own.'

'You need not,' exclaimed Jessie, cagerly; 'Mab has left you her beauty in her will.'

'Has she? Have you, Mab?' inquired Charlie, in the greatest surprise. 'How very jolly of you! Thank you!' But after a pause he went on, astonished more than ever at Mab's heightened colour, 'But I think I should like one of my own for daily use; you see, Mab, you will perhaps live a hundred years. I hope you will, and then your *Grimm* will do capitally for my little son; but almost every day I



Désirée her Mother's devoted little Nurse.

read one of Grimm's tales or one of Percy's ballads, and I can't ask you to fetch your *Grimm* for me now you are so lame, so I think it would be best to have one for common use.'

I must explain that Mab had always been very selfish about her books; she had some

hiding-place for her best ones, and if the other children asked for the loan of one of these she was sure to say, in the most ungracious manner, 'I can't fetch it now; can't you wait till I leave the room?'

Naturally, they had almost entirely ceased

to borrow anything of her. Still flushed, and speaking not without effort, Mab said, 'Father tells me I can have part of the lowest shelf in his big, carved book-case—the end nearest the fire-place; so you can go and get it for yourself, without asking me, whenever you want it; every day if you like; only please put it back when you have done with it.'

'A thousand thanks,' said Charlie, merrily. 'I'll have it this minute, then.'

And he soon returned book in hand, and was for the present too much engrossed for further conversation.

My little readers will see that Mab is no longer refusing to listen to the Holy Dove that whispers to each Christian child; she is listening, and, though often with much difficulty, striving to obey, and so we might be well content to leave her; but for those who are interested in the little Glynnys, I will give a scene from their life more than a year after the events narrated in my story.

It was a lovely summer evening. Alice and her favourite friend, Désirée, were walking up and down the lawn, greatly engrossed in conversation.

Désirée Hamilton was the child of an English father and a French mother. The latter had been very ill the previous year, and after the air of several English seaside places had been tried without any good result the doctors had advised that she should spend the winter in her native air near Cannes.

This had answered so well that a few weeks before this time the Hamiltons had returned to Hastings; Mrs. Hamilton being so far recovered, it was hoped one more winter abroad would make her quite strong.

Désirée was now come to spend a fortnight with Alice, and the friends had so much to talk about they scarcely knew where to begin.

'And so your brothers are gone to school?' observed Désirée. 'How much you must have missed them! Were you not dreadfully dull?'

'Oh, yes! at first we left off playing our old favourite games, and have scarcely ever taken to them again; but after a time there were the holidays to look forward to. We counted the days, and when they came at last they were so delightful it almost made up for everything.'

'Ah! I know all about it,' exclaimed Désirée; 'for when we went to Cannes my

brothers went to Harrow, and mother seemed to pine for her boys. Father declared she got better from the very day they came to us for the Christmas holidays. But, oh, Alice! she was so ill—she seemed to grow thinner and paler every day, and her large dark eyes looked so mournful, and yet she was really the brightest of us all. Father always said she seemed to be more in Heaven than on earth already. *Pauvre petit père!* he tried to be cheerful with her, but away from her he could scarcely bear up sometimes. Mother was sorrowful when she saw his anxious face, or thought how much the boys and I should miss her; but for that, all was so bright and peaceful—darling mother!' Désirée's dark eyes filled with tears.

Alice did not then know what she afterwards heard from her own mother, that during all that long sad time Désirée had been her mother's devoted little nurse, her father's greatest comfort, his sunbeam as he always called her, helping and cheering both parents by her sweet, loving ways, her tact, and a thoughtfulness far beyond her years.

She seemed now to be thinking of the past, and Alice respected her silence. Presently Désirée, smiling through her tears, exclaimed, gaily,—

'And you, too, have a morning governess. That is quite a change. How do you like it?'

'Oh, I scarcely know! Pretty well. I don't care much any way. Of course, I know it is better for us. We are so much more regular, and punctual, and we work twice as hard; but then I am not devoted to books.'

'How can you say so, Alice?' remarked Désirée; 'you have almost always a book in your hand.'

'An amusing book, or a story, my dear; that is a very different thing. I dislike trouble, and shall never be a scholar.'

'But you like her—your *gouvernante*? Miss Marshall, is it not?'

'Oh, yes! she is kind and clever; rather strict about lessons. I rather think Mab is her favourite.'

'*Est-il possible?*' exclaimed Désirée, with a look of such unbounded astonishment that for some time Alice could not reply for laughing. At last she said, 'You know Mab is very clever, and always took to lessons and liked them.'

'But surely Jessie is far more clever?'

'Jessie knows a great deal about some things; father even is surprised at her knowledge of natural history. I wish I knew my Bible as well as she does; but some of the regular school-room things she dislikes. Arithmetic, for instance: she scarcely ever does a sum right; and music she hates, and is always begging to leave it off. Miss Marshall is a good musician, and of course this vexes her. Mab rarely loses a mark. Of course I don't know that she is a favourite, for Miss Marshall is kind and fair to all three, but I fancy she is; and I heard her say to mother that she could fancy Mab had a bad temper, but she had never seen any proof of it.'

As Désirée looked as if she could not believe it, Alice went on: 'She is really very much improved, Désirée, and I think when you have been here a fortnight you will say so. Since she hurt her foot, and was laid up for some time, she has never been so domineering and disagreeable as when you knew her.'

'Then I suppose the boys no longer speak of her as "*Ursa Major*?"' inquired Désirée.

Alice laughed and observed, 'She has lost that title a long time; sometimes if she gets too much opposition she runs off. Mother said we were to take no notice when she did this. I suppose poor Mab wishes to fight the battle out by herself, for she is sure to come back all right. I can't help respecting poor little Mab sometimes. She struggles against her temper far more bravely than I do against my idleness.'

At this moment Mab, who had been working in her garden, came up to them.

'Will you have a game of croquet?' she asked. 'I know where Jessie is, and I will soon get out the balls and mallets.'

'Oh! please not this evening, Mab,' answered Alice. 'Désirée and I have so much to talk about; we have not said a tenth part.'

'But if you can wait till to-morrow we will play with pleasure,' said Désirée, in her pretty, courteous way.

'All right,' said Mab, nodding and walking off towards the house.

'Oh, Mab!' called out Alice, 'if you would water my garden it would be such a charity.'

'I am going in to practise,' answered Mab, walking on quickly; but when she reached the

door she turned, and said rather loudly, 'I shall be watering my own garden when the sun is off, and then I will water yours.'

'Thanks, dear, good, benevolent creature!' exclaimed Alice.

Désirée was silent for some time, and seemed lost in thought. At last she observed, 'How many things can happen in a year! how very many things!'

As Alice did not reply, Désirée went on: 'In a year your brothers have gone to school, and so have mine. In a year you have a morning governess,—so have I. In a year we have lived at four or five different places—Torquay, the Isle of Wight, Bournemouth. Then we took dear mother to Cannes so ill, almost dying, and now we have brought her to Hastings almost well. And most wonderful of all, Mab has grown pleasant! All this in a year!'

Désirée was right: among all the changes and chances that happen to us in this mortal life, is anything so wonderful as that which takes place in the heart of grown person or child who, after long resistance, yields to the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit, and so passes from darkness into light, from the love of self to the love of God and man? A*.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

HE WAS a weary-hearted man,
And life to me was very drear;
So, when the Day of Rest had come,
I left my home and wandered here.

I sat me down to rest awhile
Beneath a green and spreading tree;
And on that glowing summer morn
How sweet its shelter was to me!

Sweet was the singing of the birds,
And sweet the tinkling Sabbath bell.
Ah, me! when I was but a boy,
That pleasant sound! I knew it well!

My mother used to lead me forth
Each Sunday to the house of prayer;
I often watched her gentle face,
And marked the peace that settled there.

But I went forth into the world,
With all its turmoil and its strife,
And gentle thoughts and holy words
They passed away out of my life.